liber Robert Boyle

Syr Degore

BRITISH MUSEUM

Lordinges and you wyl holde you styl
A gentyl tale tel you I wyll
Of knyghtes of this countre
That hath trauayled beyonde ẏ see
To seke aduentures bothe nyght and day
And howe they myght their strength assay
As dyd a knyght his name was syr Degore
One of the best that was founde hym before
Sume tyme in England there was a kynge
A noble man of maners in all thynge
Stout in armes and vnder shelde
Full muche douted in batayle and felde
ther was no man then verament
That with him iusted in turnemente
that out of his styrope might bryng his fote
He was so stronge without doute
The kynge had no children but one
A doughter as whight as whales bone
that mayden he loued as his lyfe
Her mother was deed the Quene his wyfe
In trauayle of chylde she dyed alas
But when that mayden of age was
Kynges sonnes her wowed then
Emperours dukes and other men
to haue that mayden in maryage
For loue of her great herytage
But then the kynge did them answer
That no man shoulde wedde her
But if that he myght with stout iusting
the kynge out of his sadel brynge
And done hym lēse his styroppes two
Many assayed and myght naught do

Euery

Euery yere as ryght it wolde
A great feaste wolde he holde
Upon his Quenes mornynge day
that was buryed in an abbay
so on a daye the kynge wolde ride
To an abay there beside
to do Diriges and masses bothe
the poore to fede and the naked to clothe
His owne doughter with him rode
and in the forest styll she abode
she called her chamberlaine her to
and other maydens she dyd also
and sayde adowne she must alyght
Better her clothes to amend & ryght
Adowne they bene alyght all thre
Her damosels and so dyd she
A full longe stounde there she abode
Tel all the meyny from her rode
they gate vp and after they wolde
But they could not ye ryght way holde
the wodde was rough and thicke I wis
and they toke theyr way all amysse
They rode south they rode west
Into the thicke of that forest
and into a lande they came at the laste
Then wery ed they wonder faste
Then wyst they well amisse they had gone
and adowne they lyght euerichone
and they called all in fere
But there might no man them heare
The wether was hote before the none
they wyst not what was best to done

But layd them downe vpon the grene
Some fell on slepe as I wene
Thus they fell on slepe euerychone
Sauyng the kynges doughter alone
She went aboute and gathered flowres
And to here the songe of smale foules
So longe she dyd forth pas
That she wist neuer where she was
The waye to her damosels she wolde haue nome
But she wyst neuer howe to come
Then gan she crye wonder sore
She wept & wronge her hands thore
And sayd alas that I was bore
For well I wote I am forlore
For wylde bestes wyll me rynde
Or any man may me fynde
And then she saw a ioyful syght
To her came pricking a fayre knight
Full well he semed a gentyl man
And riche clothes him vpon
Wel farynge both of fote and hand
There was none suche in that land
So stought a man than was he
He sayde madame god you se
Be ye not a dred of me right nought
I haue none armes w̄ me brought
I haue the loued this many a yere
And now I haue founde you here
Thou shalt be my lemman or I go
Whether it tourne to wele or wo
No more to do then coulde she
But wept and cryed & could not flye

anone

Anone he began her to beholde
And dyd with her what he wolde
and beraft her mayned hode
And than before the ladye he stode
He sayd madame gentyl and fre
With chyld I wot well that ye be
Wel I wot it shalbe a knaue
Therfore my sweard he shall haue
My good swerde of ameaunt
For therwith I slewe a Gyaunt
I brake the poynt in his head
And in the felde I it leued
Dame take it vp lo it is here
For thou spekest not with me this many a yere
And yet peraduenture tyme may come
That I maye speke with my sonne
And by this sworde I maye him ken
He kyssed his lotte and went then
The knight passed as he come
All weping the lady the swerde vp nome
She went a waye sore wepinge
And founde her maydens slepinge
She hed the swerd as she myght
and called them vp anone ryght
And toke theyr horses euery chone
and began to ryde forth anone
And then there came at the laste
Many a knyght prycking faste
Fro the kynge they were sent
to wete wyther they went
They brought them into the hye waye
and rode in feare to that abbay

There was done seruis and al thyng
With many a masse and ryche offering
and when seruyce was all done
And gan to passe the hye none
the kynge vnto his palais gan ryde
And muche people by his syde
When euery man was glad and blythe
the Lady sowned many a syth
Her bely wared more and more
She wepte ād wronge her handes sore
So vpon a daye she gane sore wepē
A mayden of hers tooke good kepe
and sayd madame for charyte
Why ye do wepe ye wyll tel me
Mayden and I tell the before
and ye me wray I were but lore
For I haue bene euer meke and mylde
and truly nowe I am with chylde
And yf any man it vnder yede
Euery man wolde tel in euery stede
that my father on me it wan
For I loued neuer other man
and if my father it may wete
such sorowe his hert may gette
That he shall neuer mery man be
For all his ioye is layde on me
and tolde the damesell all in fere
Howe the childe was begotten on her
Nowe gentyl Ladye greue you noughte
For tyll it shall be forth brought
shall no man it wete certaynly
Trewly madame but you and I

tyme

Tyme was come she was vnbounde
and deliuered both hole and sounde
A man childe there was borne
Glad was the Ladye therfore
The mayden serued her at her wyll
and layde the chylde in the cradyll
She wrapped hym in clothes anone
and was all readie for to haue gone
yet was the childe vnto the mother hold
She gaue it twentye pound in golde
And ten pounde in syluer also
Under hys head she can it do
Muche it is that a chylde behoues
She put with him a payre of gloues
Her leman gaue her them in a sonde
They wold els on no womans hande
On childes neither womans they nolde
But on his mothers handes they wolde
and bad the chylde no wyfe wed in lande
But the gloues wolde on her hande
For they might serue no where
Saue the mother that dyd hym beare
A letter with the chylde put she
with the gloues also perde
She knyt the letter with a threde
about his necke a full good spede
Then was in the letter wrytte
Whoso it founde shulde it wytte
For Christes loue if anye good man
this wofull chylde synde can
Do hym be christened of priestes hande
And to helpe hym to lyue in lande

With this sylver that is here
Tyll he may armes bere
And helpe hym with his owne good
For he is come of gentyll bloud
and when she hade thus done
The mayden toke her leue ryght sone
With the chylde in the cradell and all thyng
She stale a waye in the euenynge
And went her way and wist not where
through thicke and thyn in the bzere
She went all the wynter nyght
By shyning of the mone light
then was she redely ware a none
Of an Hermitage made of stone
An holy man had there his dwellynge
and thyther she went without lesynge
And set the cradel at the doze
For she durst dwel no longer thoze
But turned agayne a none right
and came agayne the same nyght
The Hermite rose on the mozowe
and eke his knaue also
Lozd he sayde I cry thee mercy
For nowe I here a yonge chylde crye
This holy man his doze vntyde
And found the cradell in that stede
He lyft vp the shete anone
and loked vpon the lytle grome
Than helde he vp his ryght honde
and thanked Jesus Christ of his sonde
He bare the childe into the chapel
For ioye of him he ronge the bel

and

And layed vp the gloues and the treasure
and Christened the childe with greate honour
And in the worshipe of the Trinite
He called the childes name Degore
For degore to vnderstande it is
But thyng that almost is lost iwys
as thinge that almoste ago
Therfore he called that chylde so
The heremite was an holy man of lyfe
He had a syster that was a wyfe
He sent the chylde to her fullrathe
With much many by his knaue
And bade he shuld take good hede
the chylde to nourysshe and fede
And this littel chylde Degore
Unto that citie was I bore
The good man and his wife in fere
the chylde they kepte as it theyr owne were
Tyll it was .x. winter olde
He waxed a fayre chylde and a bolde
Wel taught fayre and kynde
Ther was none suche in all that ende
What tyme that .x. yere was come & spēt
Unto the heremyte they him sente
The Heremyte longed hym for to se
then was he a fayre chylde and fre
He taught the childe of clerkes lore
Other .x. winter withouten more
And whan he was of .xx. yere
He was a manne of greate powere
there was no ponge manin that lande
That myght stande a brayde of his hande

And when the Heremite that did se
That the man so stronge wold be
A stalworth man in any werke
and of his tyme a well good clerke
He toke his Florence and his gloues
That he had kept from him in his house
But his .x. pound that was sterlinge
Was spent about the childes keping
The Heremite toke him his letter to rede
He loked therin the same stede
Syr he sayd by saynt Charyte
Was this letter made by me
ye sonne by him that me deme shall
Thus I founde thee and tolde him all
He set him downe on knees full blythe
And thanked the Hermite manfithe
and sayd he wold not rest in londe
Tyll the time he had his father founde
He gaue the Hermite halfe his golde
and the remnaunt vp he tolde
He toke his leue and fayne wold go
the Hermite sayd he shuld not so
To seke thy kynne thou mayst not endure
Without good horse and good armure

How wesyr Degore fought with a Dragon in a forest and slewe hym.

Syr Heremite he sayd in dede
I wyll haue no other wede
But a batte in my hande
Wyne enemyes therwith to withstand
A full good sapelynge of an oke

On whome he set therwith a stroke
Were he neuer so tall a man
Nor yet so good armure him vpon
He wold him fell to the grounde
With that same hat in that stounde
The childe killed the Heremite tho
And toke his leue for to go
Degore went forth his waye
through a forest halfe a daye
He herd no man nor sawe none
Tyll it past the hygh none
then herde he great strokes fall
that made great noyse with all
Full sone he thought that tose
To wete what the strokes might be
there was an Erle both stout and gaye
He was come theyther the same daye
For to hunt for a dere or a do
But his houndes were gone hym fro
Then was there a Dragon great and grymme
Full of fyre and also venymme
Wyth a wyde throte and tulkes greate
Upon that knight fast gan he bete
and as a Lyon then was hys feete
Hys tayle was longe and full vnmete
Betwene hys head and his tayle
Was.xrii.fote withouten fayle
his body was lyke a wyne tonne
he shone full bryght agaynste the sonne
his eyen were bright as any glasse
his scales were harde as any brasse
And therto he was necked lyke a horse

He bare his head vp with great force
The breth of his mouth that dyd out blowe
as it had bene a fyre on lowe
He was to loke on as I you tell
as it had bene a fiende of hell
Many a man he had shent
And many a horse he had rente
and to that earle harde batayle began
But he defended him like a man
and boldely smote hym with his swerde
But of al his strokes he was not a ferde
His skynne was harde as any stone
wherfore he might hym no harme done
and when the erle syr Degore se
Helpe syr he sayd for saynt charite
and then answered syr Degore
Full gladly syr and God before
when the Dragon of Degore had a sight
He left the earle and came to hym right
and the chylde that was so stronge
Toke his staffe that was so longe
and smote the Dragone so on ꝑ crowne
that in that wodde he fell downe
And then that dragon anone tyghe
Smote the chylde with suche myghte
wyth his tayle vpon the tyght syde
that he fell downe in that tyde
And he sterte vp anone full tyght
and defended him with muche myght
with that staffe that was so longe
He brake of hym both fote and bone
that it was wonder for to se

He

He was so tough he myght not dye
With hys stalke that was so stronge
tyll Degore one stroke at hym stonge
He smote him on the crowne so hye
That he made his braynes out flye
And then the Erle was glad and blythe
and thanked Degore many sythe
and prayed him he wolde with him ride
Unto his palays there beside
and there he made hym a knyght
and made him good chere that nyght
Rentes treasure, and halfe his lande
He wold haue seased into his hande
Syr Degore thanked hym truely
and prayed him of his curtesye
To let his ladyes to fore hym come
Wyues maydens more and some
and also your doughtere eke
And yf my gloues hym for them mete
Or wyll vpone any of theyr handes
then wolde I fayne take my landes
And yf my gloues wyl not so
Then wyll I take my leaue and go
All the women were out brought
that there about myght be sought
All they assayed the gloues than
But they were mete for no woman
Syr Degore toke vp his gloues anone
And also toke leaue for to gone
the Earle was a lorde of gentyll bloud
He gaue syr Degore a stede full good
And there to he gaue hym good armure

That which was bothe fayre and lure
And also a page his man to be
and an hakney to ryde on truely
Syr Degore was glade and blyth
And thanked the Erle many a sythe
he rode forth vpon his waye
Many a myle vpon sommers daye
Upon a daye muche people he met
he houed style and fayre them grete
And asked a squyre what tidynge
And fro whence came all that folke rydynge
The squyre sayd syr verament
they come from the parlyament
Fro a counsayle the kynge dyd make
the which is for his doughters sake
But when the parlyament was most plener
The kynge let cry both farre and nere
If any man were so bolde
That with the kynge Iustle wolde
he shulde haue his doughter in maryage
And his lande and his herytage
It is a lande bothe good and fayre
And the kynge therto had none heyre
But certes there dare no man graunt therto
Many one sayd the might not do
For euery man that rydeth to hym
he beteth them with strokes grym
Some he breketh the necke anone
Of some he craketh both backe and bone
Some through the body he glytte
And some to death he smytte
And to hym may no man do nothinge

Suche

Suche a grace euer had our kynge
Syr Degore stode in a studye than
and thought he was a doughtie man
and I am in my ponge bloud
and I haue horse and armure good
and as I trowe a full good steede
I wyll assaye if I maye spede
and I may beare the kinge downe
I maye be a man of great renowne
and if that he me fel can
There knoweth no body what I am
Death or lyfe what so betide
I wyll once against hym ryde
Thus in the citie hys ynne he takes
And rested him and merye makes
So vpon a daye the kynge he met
He kneled downe and fayre hym grete
He sayd sir kyng of muche myght
My lord hath sent me to you right
To warne you howe it shall be
My lorde wyll come and fight with the
To iust with the my lorde hath nome
the kynge saide he shall be welcome
Be he knyght or barowne
Erle, duke, or churle in towne
There is no man I wyll forsake
Who all maye wynne all maie take
Howe syr Degore Iusted with the kynge
of England and smote hym downe

SO on the morowe the daye was set
The kynge auysed much the bet
But then there was no lyuyng man

that

That Degore trusted muche vpon
But to churche that tyme went he
to heare a masse of the Trinite
To the father he offred a Florvne
And to the sonne an other fyne
the thirde to the holy ghost he offred
The preest in his masse for him he prayed
and whan the masse was done
Unto his vnne he went anone
He dyd arme hym well in dede
In ryche armure good at nede
His good stede he began to stryde
and toke his spere and forth dydryde
His knaue toke another spere
And after his mayster he gan it bare
thus in the felde syr Degore abode than
The kynge came with manye a man
Manye came thyther redelye
to se the iustinge trulye
All that in the fyelde were
they sayde and did swere
That they neuer or that tyme se
So fayre a man with their eye
As was ỹ ponge knyght syr Degore
But none wyst what man was he
they rode togyther at the last
On their good stedes ful faste
the kynge had the greater shafte
And more he coude of that craffte
To dashe him downe then he mente
and in his shilde set suche a dente
That hys good spere all to brafte

But

But Degore was stronge and sore fast
then sayd the kynge alas, alas
For me befell neuer suche a case
There was neuer a man that I might hit
that euer might my stroke sit
This is a man all for the nones
For he is a man of great bones
then toke the kyng a greater tre
And square also mote I the
and if his necke wyll not a two
His backe shall or that I go
The kynge rode to hym with great randowne
And thought to haue dashed the childe downe
He smote syr Degore sone anone
Right before the breste bone
that his horse was rered on hye
And syr Degore was fallen nye
Syr Degore thus his course out rode
He was so angry in his mode
Alas he sayd I haue myssed yet
and he hath me twyse hyt
and neuer ones with him I mette
By god I shall auyse bette
They rode togither with great might
In their shyeldes their speares pight
In their shields their speares al to broke
Unto theyr handes with the stroke
And then the kynge began to speake
Gyue me a speare that wyll not breke
For he shall anone be smitten downe
though he be as stronge as was Samplone
and if he be the Deuyll of hell

I shall him soone downe fell
The kynge toke a speare slyght and strenge
And Degore toke a nether good and longe
and stoutlye to the kynge he smytte
the kinge fayled and Degore hym hyt
And syr Degore so him bete
That he made the kinges horse turne vp his fete
Boldely he rode vp than
And semed a full goodly man
the kynge was out of his sadel cast
wherof his doughter was sore agast
Then was there muche noyse and cry
the kynge was sore a shamed for thy
Well I wote his doughter was sory
For then she wyst redely
that she shulde maryed be
To a man of a straunge countre
And lede her lyfe with such a one
that she wyst neuer fro whence he come
The kynge sayde to syr Degore
Come hyther sayre sonne me before
And thou were as gentyl a man
as thou semest to loke vpon
And thou coude witte and reason do
as thou arte doughty man to
I wold thynke my lande well beset
and if it were syue tymes bette
For worde spoken I must nedes holde
Before my barons that be so bolde
I take the my doughter by the hande
and sette thee in all my lande
To be myne heyre after me

Inioye and blysse for to be.

How lyr Degore wedded his mother the kynges doughter of England, and how she knewe that he was her sonne by the Gloues.

OReste ordynaunce was there wrought
To the churche dore were they brought
And were there wedded veramente
Unto the holye sacramente
Looke what foly happened there
That he shuld wed his owne mother
the whiche had borne hym on her syde
and yet he knewe nothyng that tyde
He knewe nothyng of her kynne
Nor she knewe nothyng of hym
and both together ordeyned to bed
yet paraduenture they may be sybbe
Thus dyd lyr Degore the bolde
He wedded his mother to haue and to holde
But yet he let them not synne in fere
It passed on the hye tyme of none
and the daye was nere hand donne
To bed was brought both he and she
With great myrth and solempnitie
Syr Degore stode and beheld than
And thought on the heremite the holy man
That he sholde newer for thy
Wedde no wydowe nor Ladye
But yf she myght the Gloues two
Lyghtlye vpon her handes do

Alas then sayde syr Degore
the tyme that euer I was borne
and sayd anone with heuy chere
We had leuer then all my kyngdome here
that nowe is sealed into my hande
That I were fayre out of this lande
the kynge these wordes harde tho
And sayd dere sonne why sayest thou so
Is there ought agaynst thy wyll
Eyther done or sayde that doth the yll
Or any thyng that is mysdone
tell me and it shalbe amended sone
Nay Lord be sayde then
But for all the maryage that done hath bene
I wyll not with no woman mell
Wyfe wydow nor damosell
But yf she myght these gloues do
Lightlye vpon her handes two
And when the Lady gan this here
anone she chaunged all her chere
and all together tourned her mode
Her vysage waxed reed as any bloude
She knewe that the Gloues longed to her
And sayd geue me the Gloues fayre syr
She toke the Gloues in that stede
and lyghtly vpon her handes them did
She fell downe and began to crye
and sayd Lorde God I aske mercy
I am thy mother that dyd thee bere
and thou arte myne owne sonne dere
Syr Degore full soone tho
Toke her vp in his armes two

Then were they glad and blethe
they kelled together many a lythe
the kynge of them had greate merualle
Of the noyse they made without faile
and was abashed of theyr weping
And saide doughter what is this thynge
Father she sayde wyll ye it here
ye wene that I a mayden were
Nay truly father I am none
For it is.xx.wynter a gone
this is my soone God it knowe
And by these Gloues se it looe
She tolde hym all together there
Howe he was bogotten on her
then spake syr Degore
Swete mother then sayde he
Where is my father wominge
and when herd ye of hym tydynge
Sonne she sayde by heauen kynge
I can tell of hym no tydinge
But when thy father fro me wente
A pointlesse sworde he me lente
and charged me to kepe it than
Tyll the tyme thou were a man
She set the sworde full swithe
and sir Degore it out swythe
Longe and broade it was perdie
there was none suche in that countrey
Truelie sayde syr Degore than,
Wo so it owed he was a man
Nowe God of heauen he me kepe
Nyght nor daye I will not slepe

Tyl the tyme I may my father se
In Chrystendome yf that he be
He made him mery that ylke nyght
On the morowe whenit was day light
He went to churche to heare a masse
and made hym redi for to passe
Then sayd the kynge my next kinne
I wyl gyue the knyghtes with the to wynne
Syr he sayd grammercye than
wyth me shall go no other man
But my knaue that may take hede
to myne armure and to my stede
He lept on horse the south to say
and rode forth on his iurnay
Many a miles and manye a waye
He rode forth on his palfray
And euermore he rode west
tyll they came to a forest
Wylde beestes there went hym by
and foules songe there ful merely
So longe they rode tyll it drewe to nyght
The sonne went downe and fayled lyght
Unto some towne fayne wold he ride
But there was none one neyther syde
Sone after he found a castell clere
A Lady trewly wonned there
A fayre castell of lyme and stone
But other towne there was none
Degore sayde to his knaue that tyde
wyll we to that castell tyde
and all nyght abyde wyll we
and aske lodgyng for charyte

The drawbridge was vndrawne tha'
and the gate stode open also
Unto the castel they gan theym spede
And fyrst he stabled vp his stede
and then he set vp his hackeney
Inoughe they founde of corne and hey
He went aboute and gan to cal
Bothe in the court and eke in the hal
Neyther for loue nor yet for awe
Lyuinge man none there they sawe
And in the middes of the hall stoure
there was a great fyre in that houre
Then sayd his man leaue syre
I haue wonder who made thys fyre
If he wyll come agayne thys night
I wyll hym abyde as I am a knyght
He set him downe vpon the dease
And made him wel at ease
Then was he ware sone of one
that in at the doore he gan gone
And three maydens fayre and free
that were trussed vp to the knee
E wayne of them bowes dyd bere,
and two of them charged were
with venison that was full good;
them fyr Degore vp stode
And blessed them anone ryght
But they spake not to the knyght
But went into the chambre anone
and shytte the doore full sone
and anone after there with all
There came a dwarfe into the hall

Foure foote was the lenght of hym
His vysage was both greate and grymme
And the heere that on his heed was
It loketh as yelowe doth in a glasse
With mylke white lace and goodly ble
But full stoutly then loked he
He ware a cyrcote that was grene
With blãunchmer it was furred Iwene
He was well clade and wel done
His shone was croked as a knighte
he was large both of foote and hand
as any man was in that lande
Syr Degore loked on him tho
and to hym reuerence dyd do
And he to him wolde speake no worde
But made him redy to laye the borde
He layde the cloth and set forth bread
And also wine both whyte and reed
Torches in the hale he dyd lyght
all thyng red to souper he dyght
and sone after with greate honoure
There came a ladye out of her boure
and with her came maydenes fyftene
Some in reed and some in grene
Syr Degore followed a none ryght
And nought she spake vnto the knyghte
But yede and washed euerychone
and to souper gan they gone
The Ladye was fayre and bryght
In the myddes of the desse she set downe ryght
On euery syde sate maidens fyue
Fayre and goodly as any was alyue

By

By God then layde syr Degore
I haue you blessed and you not me
But you seme dombe by saint Johan
I shall make you speke and I can
Syr Degore conde of curtesye
He yede and sate before the Lady
And when he had taken that seate
He toke a knyfe and cute his meate
Full lytell meate at souper eate he
He dyd so beholde that mayden fre
Hym thought she was the fayrest Lady
That euer before he dyd see
All his heart thought, and myght
Was on that lady that was so bright
And when they had supped all
The dwerfe brought water into ȳ hall
then gan they washe euerychone
And then to chamber gan they gone
Trewly quod Degore and after I wyl
to loke on that lady all my fyll
Who that me warneth he shall a by
Or to do him make a sory crye.
Upon the stayre they them nome
and sone into the chamber he come
The lady that was so fayre and bright
Upon her bed she sate downe ryght.
She harped notes swete and fine
and syr Degore sate him downe
For to heare the harpes sowne
That thorowe the notes of the harpe shyll
He layd hym downe and slept his fyll
This fayre lady that ylke nyght
She bad go couer that gentyll knyght

And the ladye went to another bed at the last
Soon the morowe when it was daye
The Lady rose the lothe to lay
And into the chambre the waye gan take
She sayde syr knyght aryse and wake
the Lady sayde all in game
ye be well worthy to haue blame
For as a beest all nyght thou dyd slepe
And of my maydens thou tokest no kepe
and then a unswered the knyght so fre
Mercy madame and forgyue it me
The notes of thine harpe it made
Or els the good wyne that I had
But tel me nowe my Lady hende
Or I out of this chambre wende
Who hath this castel in his hande
And who is lorde of this lande
whether that ye be mayden or wyfe
And in what maner ye lede your lyfe
and why you haue so many women
Alone without any men
Syr sayne I wolde the tell
and thou couldeit amende well
My father was a bolde barowne
and holden a lorde of towre and towne
He had neuer chylde but me
I am heyre in this countre.

How syr Degore fought for a lady with a Gyaunt and slewe hym.

There hath me wowed many a knyght
And many a squyre well dyght
But then there wonned here beside
A stout gyaunt full of pryde
He hath me desyred longe and yore

And hym to slee may I neuermore
He is about with his mastrye
to do me shame and vilanye
And he hath slayne my men eche one
saue my sorie dwarfe alone
Ryght as she stode she fell to the grounde
and sowned there in that stounde
All her damoselles to her come
To comfort her and her vp nome
the Ladye loked on syr Degore
Lyefe dame then sayde he
Be not adrade while I am here
I wyll the helpe to my power
syr she sayde all my lande
I wyll cease it into thy hande
and all my good I wyll the gelle
and all my bodye whyle I lyue
For to be at your wyll
Earlye and late, loude and styll
and thy Leman for to bee
To wreke me nowe on myne enemye
Than was syr Degore fayne to fyght
For to defend the Ladyes tyght
and to slaye that other knyght
and wyne that ladye that was so bryght
And as they stode both in feare
Her maydens came ridinge with heauye chere
She bade drawe the brydge hastelye
For here cometh youre enemie
Or els he wyll vs eche one
syr Degore starte vp anone
Out at a wyndowe she hym see
He was sone armed on horse hys
ostout a man as he was one

In armes sawe she neuer none
Syr Degore armed hym belyue
And out of the castel he gan dryue
and rode euen the gyaunt agane
They smote togither with much maine
that they? good speares all to braste
Degore was stronge and late faste
But his stedes backe braste a two
then syr Degore fell to the grounde tho
And then he stert vp and lough
and his swerde he out drough
then sayd the gyaunt to hym anone
On fote we wyll togyther gone
Thou hast sayd Degore slayne my good stede
I hope to quite the thy mede
to slee thy stede nought I wyll
But to fyght with the my fyll
And tho they fought on fote in fere
With stronge strokes and helme clere
the gyaunt gaue syr Degore
Huge strokes great plente
and syr Degore did him also
Tyll helme and basynet braste in two
the Gyaunte was agreued sore
Because he had his bloud forlore
He stroke vpon syr Degore so
that to the grounde he made him go
Syr Degore recouered sone anone
and such a stroke he gaue that knyght
and on the crowne so it sette
that through his helme and basynette
He made his swerde go thorowe his heed
and anone the gyaunt fel downe deed
the lady sat in her castel, and sawe al the batayle

Howe the Gyaunt was sleyne
that wolde her haue forlaine
She was as glad of that syght
As euer was ryde of the day lyghte
Syr Degore came to the castel
and against hym came that damesel
She thanked hym of his good deede
and to her chamber she dyd hym leade
She let hym on her bedde anone
and vnarmed hym full sone
She toke hym in her arme two
and kyssed hym a hundred tymes and mo
and sayde all my good I wyll the gene
and my body e while I lyue
Grammercie damosell then sayde he
Of that ye haue graunted me
But I must in to farre contre
My auentures for to see
Unto these twelue monethes be ago
and then I shall come you to
He betoke her to the heauen kynge
The lady wept at his departyng
Syr Degore rode vpon his waye
Many a longe ioarney
And euermore he rode weste
Tyll a land he founde in a foreste
To hym came prickyng a knyght
well armed and on his horse dyght
In armes that wolde endure
With fyne golde and ryche asure
Thre bores heades were therein
The whiche were of golde fyne
As sone as euer he sawe that knyght
He spake to hym anone ryght
And sayde vylaine what doest thou here

In my forest to see my dere
syr Degore sayd with wordes meke
syr of thy dere I take no kepe
For I am an auenturous knight
that goeth to seke warre and fight
His father answered and sayd sans fayle
And thou become to seke batayle
Then make the redy in a stounde
For thou hast thy felowe founde
And then syr Degore with out daunger
Armed hym to fyght with his father

Howe syr Degore fought with his father and howe his father knew him by the broken swerde.

His helme was good for the nones
and well set with precious stones
It myght wel be his owne sans fayle
For he wanne it onse in batayle
He cast his shielde about his swere
Of ryall armes good and dere
His good stede he began to stride
He toke his speare and began to ryde
and his man toke another speare
and by his syde he gan it bere
But loke what foly began that tyde
the sonne against the father gan ryde
But neyther knewe other aryght
and thus begane they to fyght
syr Degore had the greater shafte
and wonder wel he could his craft
To dashe hym downe then had he went
and in his shyeld set suche a dent
that his good speare all to brast
But his father was strong and sat fast
another courle then haue they take

The father for the lonnes sake
So harde they smote together in sothe
That theyr horses backes brake both
and then they fought on fote in fere
With hard stroke and helme clere
And thus his father amarueyled was
Of his swerde that was poyntles
And to hym sayd anone rygbt
A byde a whyle thou gentyll knyght
Where was thou borne & in what land
Syr he sayd in England
A kynges doughter is my mother
But I wot not who is my father
What is thy name then sayd he
Syr my name is Degore
Syr Degore thou art welcome
For wel I wote thou arte my sonne
By this swerde I knowe the here
The poynt is in my pautenere
He toke the poynt and sette it to
And they accorded bothe two
So longe the haue spoke togither
Both the sonne and the father
That they be tyght well at one
The father and the sonne alone
Syr Degore and his father dere
Into Englande they rode in fere
They were both armed and wel dighte
as it behoueth euerye knyght
They rode forth on theyr iourney
Many a myle of that contrey
And on theyr way they rode full fast
Into England they came at the laste
When they myght England se
They drewe thyther as they wold be

When they were to the palayes come
They were welcome all and some
and they behelde ouer all
The ladye them spyed ouer a wall
and when the ladye sawe that syght
She went to them with all her myght
And ryght well she them knewe
and then she chaunged all her hewe
and sayd my dere sonne Degore
Thou hast thy father brought with thee
trewly madame then sayd he
Full well I wote it is he
Nowe thanked be god then sayde the kynge
For nowe I knowe without leasynge
Who is Degores father in dede
the Lady sowned in that stede
And soone after sykerlye
The knyght wedded that Lady
She and her sonne was departed a twin
For he and she were to nye kynne
Forthe then went syr Degore
With the kynge and his menye
His father and his mother dere
Unto the castell they wente in feare
Where as dwelled that lady bright
that he had wonne in right
And wedded her with great solempnite
Before all the Lordes of that countre
Thus came the knyght out of his care
God geue vs grace wel to fare
And that we vpon domes daye
Come to the blysse that lasteth aye.

Thus endeth the tretyse of syr Degore.

Imprynted by Wyllyam Copland.